

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2338

London
April 17, 1946



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THE TATLER

LONDON

APRIL 17, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

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Pearl Freeman

Lady Ashley

Lady Ashley is the Norman-born wife of the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir. She is concentrating on relief work for the destroyed and devastated villages of her country through the "Association des Amis des Volontaires Français," and was Chairman at the dance which was held early this year at Grosvenor House to raise funds for the Falaise Settlement. She has two children, the Hon. Anthony Ashley-Cooper, who will be eight in May, and the Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper, two years younger. She married Lord Ashley in 1937.



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE last package of American cigarettes which an indulgent customs allowed through has been smoked—sacrificed on a funeral pyre to my late holiday. And now one might never have been away at all, so easily does one slip back into the regime of queues and of the *volupté du refus*.

Yet the cloudless skies which have succeeded each other almost without interruption since my return, the soft spring sunlight which wraps even some blackened ruin in tender youth, seem to prolong one's holiday. The mood has not yet been entirely lost. No doubt, beneath a sky as blue as ours, the tough and cynical gulls of Dublin whirl this morning round Gandon's elegant Customs House, and the casual labour sit on its steps, waiting for some ship to unload; while the great masks on the key-stones, admirable creations of the almost forgotten sculptor, Edward Smyth, symbolizing, with fishes in their beards, and ships or shuttles or fish-nets in their hair, the principal rivers of Ireland, stare blindly down on them.

As I write, a barrage balloon has suddenly soared over the house-tops, swung there for a moment sleek and gleaming in the early sun, and then as mysteriously sunk away again. This has happened three times to me lately. I like to think it is the prank of some demobilized but still sentimental balloon crew, reunited in the equivalent of a regimental dinner, furtively to fly "Blossom," which in the great days they toasted as the fattest, the shiniest and the most imposing barrage balloon above the entire kingdom.

The Charm of the Minute

I WAS fascinated to encounter the other day a passionate, grown-up worshipper of the art of flying model aeroplanes. With him, there was no nonsense about driving them with bits of twisted rubber, as was the modest fashion of my childhood. Far from it. Your modern model aeroplane is equipped with a two-stroke petrol engine, perhaps four inches long, and boasting a real sparking plug no bigger than the nail of one's little finger. There even exist, it would seem, minute Diesel engines for the same purpose; but I plump for the petrol engines—if only for the ducky little sparking plugs, which are manufactured as a special line by America's leading spark plug company, and by English firms, too, for all I know. But then, I have an unreasoning passion for the miniature. I do not, of course, go so far as to covet a Koran written upon a rice-grain. But the tiny world of the Dwarfs' Apartments in the Ducal Palace at Mantua, the exquisite miniature garden in "Email de Nevers" at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, the organs no bigger than your fist which embellish the grandest bracket clocks of the eighteenth century, alike enchant me. So did I feel about the little two-stroke engine,

though I do not see myself of a Sunday pursuing my model aeroplane at the run across some common.

Strange Thefts

I AM in process of moving into a house in Wiltshire which was occupied by the Forces during the war. In bygone years its charming walled garden was famous for asparagus and the lily of the valley beds. The unit in occupation tore them up, sold the lily bulbs at a price in the near-by village, even stole the cucumber frames. Of course, among all the other futilities of war, one must expect a certain amount of theft and pillage, especially with modern standards of discipline. But this stealing of frames and flower-beds seems to me the height of eccentricity—almost on a par with the monumental pilferings of a bailiff on an estate near Paris just before the war. His employer, a charming American lady, went off on a long trip, leaving the bailiff in sole charge of the demesne. On her return next year, she found the bailiff absconded—with an avenue of chestnut trees and a lake. This ancient avenue, the darling of her heart, he had cut down and sold at a most handsome profit. Having drained the lake, the likely rogue disposed of its alluvial mud no less advantageously.

I also recall with pleasure the episode of the Oriental diplomat and the purloined lapis lazuli. It occurred just after I had got into the Foreign Office. There was a small, somewhat remote Moslem kingdom, whose only export of value was lapis lazuli—that enchanting blue material that at its best can be even more beautiful than can malachite. A revolution broke out in that far-off kingdom. Its monarch was deposed, its representative in London left unpaid and uninstructed. The only objects of any value left in the Legation were some four tons of lapis lazuli, which in normal times would have been unloaded gently upon the market in small parcels, so as not to disturb the price. Nobody quite knew to whom the stuff belonged—to the fallen monarch, his vengeful successor, or the remote state itself. While we were debating it, and the police were supposed to be watching the building, the resourceful diplomat vanished—with his English love, a blue-eyed house-maid, and the four tons of lapis lazuli. Though all the ports were watched, the lovers got clean away to Berlin with their bulky and precious swag. I should like to think they sold it most profitably, and lived happily ever after, or at least until the war.

Meanwhile I learn I am again the victim of military pilfering and that noble lust for destruction which war calls out in all of us. My shabby but beloved little chateau in Belgium has been sacked three times during the late war. (How many times in former wars, Heaven alone knows, but Marlborough

is supposed to have forced the Lesser Gette and the Lines of Brabant across my garden.) This time, Linsmeau was sacked once by the enemy and twice by the troops of a great ally. Somebody—whether friend or foe I do not know, but my curse upon them in any event—burnt for firewood every stick of furniture, including my precious Adam-ish painted bed, which we had brought from England, and the enchanting Louis Philippe "roundabouts" which with so much care we had recovered and "buttoned" and filled with a riot of paper flowers, just in time for the war to break out.

The "Intellectual"

I HAVE just received an angry letter from a reader accusing me of being an "intellectual." This is, I suppose, about the cruellest term of abuse one Englishman can hurl at another, equivalent to calling an Italian "imbecile" or a Spaniard "mal educado." It all started, I fancy, with Dr. Arnold, and his insistence upon "character" rather than intelligence as the ideal of our public schools. No doubt, the British character manufactured there is a very wonderful thing. No doubt, without our national character we would never have stood firm after Dunkirk. But isn't it just possible that if we had cultivated character just a shade less, and the intellect just a shade more, there would have been no Dunkirk at all?

Of course, it might be argued that the English like war to be like a sporting race, like the Grand National this year for example. They perhaps only like to win on the post. Certainly we have only fought one major war for which we were properly prepared and which went relatively well from the start—I mean the so-called Marlborough Wars. And we took care to get rid of the Great Duke at the earliest moment possible. No, what we like is some thumping big, heroic disaster, something a poet laureate can get his teeth into. And we remember William Pitt, not for his tyrannies and his muddling strategy, but because he held on in the face of entirely unnecessary disasters. But I do not think we can again afford to cut things so fine as we did in the late war.

Anti-Climax

I HAVE an unnatural passion for anti-climaxes and pointless remarks. The other day, our local taxi-driver in the country shut my hand in his car door. Fortunately, the pain might have been worse. I had forgotten the episode when next the taxi drove me. But with much feeling the driver inquired after my wounds. "Couldn't sleep for thinking of it," he said. "In the middle of the night, I says to the wife, I says, 'well, I dunno, I'm shore.' I says . . ."



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Southwood of Fernhurst

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Southwood of Fernhurst, Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., which incorporates THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, died from a heart attack at his home at Highgate early last Wednesday morning. He was seventy-three. Julius Salter Elias was born in Birmingham on January 5, 1873, the youngest of seven children of David Elias, Whitby jet salesman. The family moved to London and, at the age of ten, young Julius was in charge of folding newspapers and delivering them to customers, rising at six o'clock each morning. He attended the Church School at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, Goswell (where school fees were fourpence weekly), and left when in the fourth standard to work for a firm of cheap jewellers in Hounds-ditch earning as "jack of all work" the sum of five shillings a week. After many jobs, he finally found himself a junior clerk at Odhams Bros.—a small firm of jobbing printers. This was his first step on the ladder of fame. In time he became manager of Odhams Bros. and as the firm rapidly expanded its title was changed to Odhams Press Ltd. In 1934 Julius Salter Elias was Chairman and Managing Director of Odhams Press Ltd. and, as such, he directed newspapers and periodicals whose sales exceed a total of 20,000,000 copies every week. In the Coronation Honours List, 1937, Julius Salter Elias was raised to the peerage and in this year's Honours List a further honour was conferred when he was made a Viscount and assumed the title of Viscount Southwood of Fernhurst. Throughout his organization, Lord Southwood to the time of his death was affectionately known as "J.S.E." or "The Little Man"—he was 5 ft. 4 in. His office door was always open and any one of his large staff could walk in at any time. During his lifetime he raised nearly £20,000,000 for charity and his efforts benefited the Red Cross, the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, King George's Jubilee Trust, Charing Cross Hospital and many other organizations. He was Chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund which collected over £17,500,000. During the latter part of the war, Lord Southwood sat on the front bench of the Labour Peers, frequently acting as Deputy Speaker. Some months before the General Election he also acted as Whip and was a member of Lord Rushcliffe's Committee inquiring into facilities for legal aid to the poor. Viscount Southwood had no children but his widow, the former Miss Alice Louise Collard, to whom he was married in 1906, survives him.

James Agat

AT THE PICTURES

What About It?

THE notion has been put forward that because the exportation of British films would bring in American dollars it is the duty of British film critics to boost British pictures. Perhaps the Critics' Circle would like to say something about this? In the absence of any august pronouncement I have to declare that no considerations having to do with economics or international politics are going to weigh with me to the extent of a bus ticket. Selling films to compete in the American

market is one thing; the making of intrinsically good films is another. It would be nice if "the pictures" and the art of the screen were as inseparable as Abbott and Costello. But they are not. They can be separated, with honour to each. No wise man would say that an artistic picture must not be produced because it is not a money-maker. And similarly, no wise man would ban a money-making picture on the ground that it is not intellectual. Was *The Wicked Lady* designed to titillate the ears of the groundlings? But Nature has given the groundlings ears, and they are entitled to have them titillated. I do not attack the makers of such pictures. Economic and political conditions doubtless demand that this country opposes to Hollywood's nincompoopery British nincompoopery of equal competence. I wish these commercial films well. But nothing is going to make me declare that because they do well at the box office they are good films.

HERE, as near as I remember, is the plot of a Hollywood film which had a great success in this country. The heroine was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired daughter of Russia who spent her days manipulating a tractor on the broad fields of the Ukraine. But she had a soul for music, and her evenings were spent communing with the old Collardski and Collardski, which, with the samovar, constituted the farmstead's entire stock of furniture. Saving up the occasional roubles penitiously bestowed upon her by her stepmother she went for a holiday to Moscow, where Stokowski was starting a tour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And now our heroine embarked on a lot of stealing. She stole into a rehearsal of the Tschaikowsky Piano Concerto, at which José Iturbi was lending a hand. Immediately after the rehearsal she stole from the back of the hall to the piano and began to play the concerto by ear but with such mastery that the members of the orchestra, who had been thinking about lunch, reopened their cases, took out their instruments, crept back to their desks and began to insinuate an accompaniment. Finally Stokowski tore back into the hall, threw off his astrakhan coat, astrakhan muffler, and astrakhan cap, and grabbed his conductor's baton. And then what happened? Iturbi contracted tonsillitis, and our heroine deputized and stole the concert. Did she become a famous concert pianist? No. She stole back to the Ukraine. Because there, ankle-deep in the rich soil, was a ploughboy waiting. It is true that he had hands the size of any six non-Communist blacksmiths'. True that there was a dreamy look in his eyes which the vulgar attributed to vodka. True that he didn't know Rimsky-Korsakoff from Gershwin. But he owned several versts of mud and two tractors, and his soul was pure.

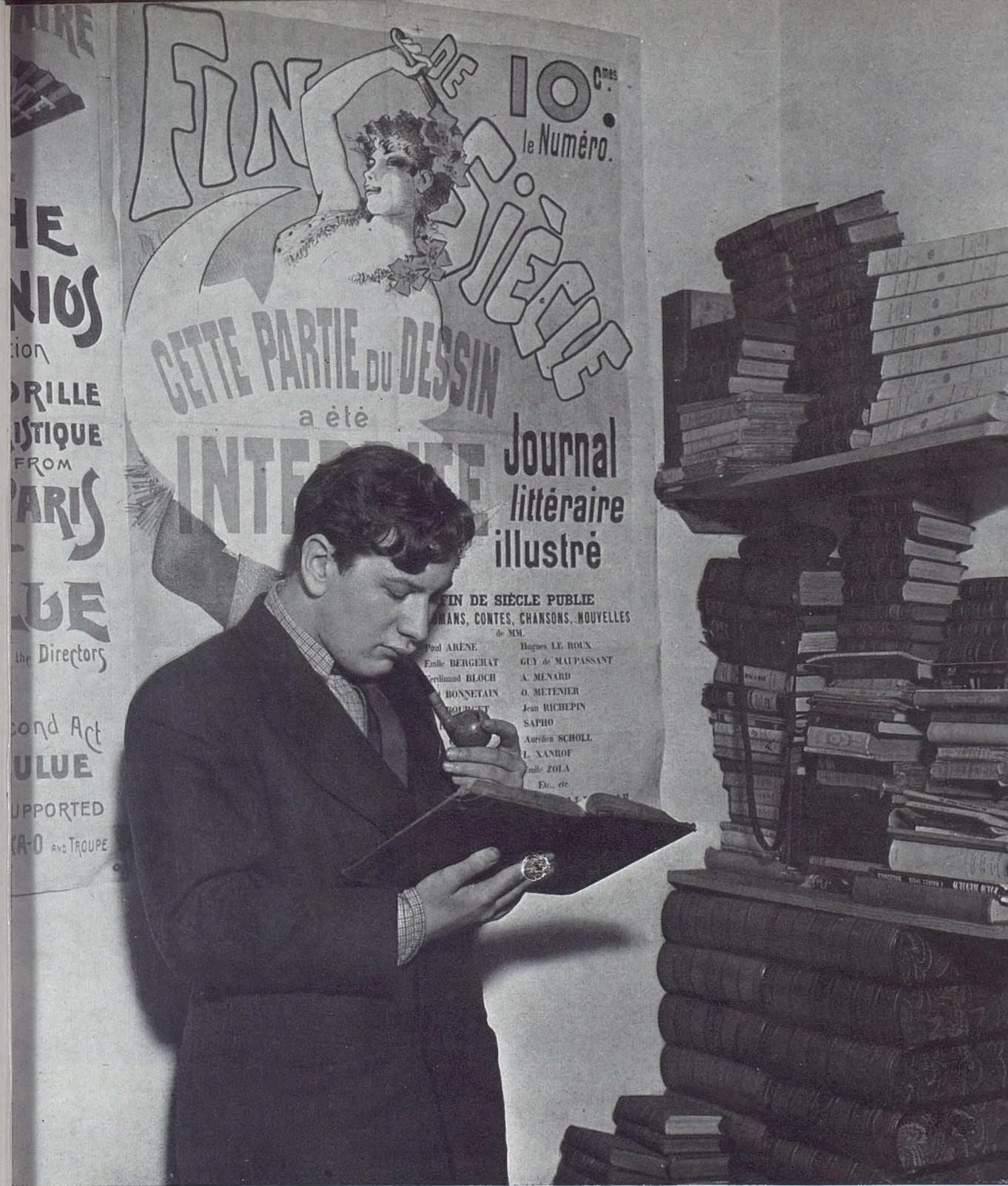
WHEREUPON our English concocters of masterpieces, moved by the spirit of emulation, produced something which, as near as I can remember, went like this. The heroine was again a young woman with a soul for music. She had also a guardian who was in love with her and, when she declined to solace his mid-

night hours with the slow movement of the Sonata Pathétique, smashed her knuckles with a walking-stick, whereby she spent the next six months undergoing a course of mental therapy until one day a famous hypnotist announced that she was cured. Whereupon she took her hands out of the plaster of paris in which they had been encased for six months, rinsed them in hot water, and set out on a concert tour taking in Paris, Berlin, Budapest, Prague, Rome, the Aleutian Islands, Pearl Harbour and Seattle. At this last she received a cable insisting upon her immediate appearance in London. Flying back and arriving at the Albert Hall just as the L.S.O.—I recognized the leader—was tuning up for the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto in C Minor, she treated the audience to two minutes of the first movement, cut the slow movement, and wound up with two minutes of the last movement. Sweeping up her gloves and a bunch of arum lilies, she then went out to supper with the dance-band leader, who was the real reason why she had refused to solace her guardian's midnight hours with the slow movement of the Sonata Pathétique. But she married James Mason in the end.

NOW both these stories are tripe, and the trouble is that Hollywood makes bigger and better tripe than anything we can manage in this country. And for all sorts of imposing reasons. A concert tour of the principal American cities covers more ground than a tour of this country. Their concert halls are vaster, and they have more young women who look as though they could play the piano. And, let us face it, they have a bigger and better choice of screen artists. This must be so, since acting is a temperamental and, therefore, a cosmopolitan art, whereas the British genius is for the phlegmatic and the insular. Whence it follows that when it comes to putting over rubbish, we shall be beaten one hundred times out of one hundred. Why, then, doesn't it occur to our film brains to turn disadvantage to advantage? When it comes to producing certain kinds of picture, the documentary, for example, we can leave Hollywood standing, because our natural taste instinctively avoids sentimentality. Nobody will argue that we have a William Bendix in this country, but consider his films! "We do not mention our ingénues; it would be brutal," wrote Max at the beginning of the century. For the same reason I do not mention our screen young ladies who all specialize in the adolescent. There is not a film actress in this country who could stand up to the heroine of *Dark Victory* or *The Little Foxes*. Or you might put it that while every English film actor is a born Aubrey Tanqueray there is no English film actress who could look at Paula. Any effort to compete with Hollywood by throwing about more money and non-existent acting talent is doomed to fail. Where we can draw level is by using better material. And I suggest that we should begin slowly, making one good picture as against forty-nine like *The Seventh Veil* type, and not caring what that good picture grosses.



"*Tangier.*" The action of the film takes place in the mysterious underworld of that African city, and the theme is romance and revenge. Above are Maria Montez and Kent Taylor as dancing partners, while also in the cast are Sabu, Robert Paige, Preston Foster and Louise Allbritton



An Able Young Man Who at Twenty-four Has Done Much

For a young man of twenty-four, Peter Ustinov has accomplished a great deal in the artistic field. He has made a success of playwriting, acting and film scenario writing, and now is at work as director of the Two Cities film *Top Secret*. He is married to actress Isolde Denham, and they have a five-months-old baby daughter, Tamara. This family of three live in a quiet mews just off Knightsbridge. One of Peter Ustinov's hobbies is collecting old posters, prints and books; while the posters make an unusual and attractive mural decoration for the living-room. English-born, he is of Russian parentage, his mother is Nadia Benois, a niece of Alexander Benois, designer of the Diaghilev ballet fame. Two of Peter Ustinov's best-known plays are *The House of Regrets* and *The Banbury Nose*; he has just finished writing another play and is now writing his first book.



The Theatre

"Red Roses For Me" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

Is Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play a dirty child of genius or a Gaelic waif madly fluttering the rags of forgotten banners and spouting tiresome rhetoric about them? Impassioned voices have been heard for and against. Theatrical managers have evidently decided that she would not look well on one of their central stages; but from Swiss Cottage —where she was received with critical raptures and critical brickbats—she has wandered to Hammersmith, and the public has another chance either to take the child to its heart or let her pass out of sight.

THOSE who think, as I think, that *Red Roses For Me* is the most exciting play that has come to us for a very long time are bound to

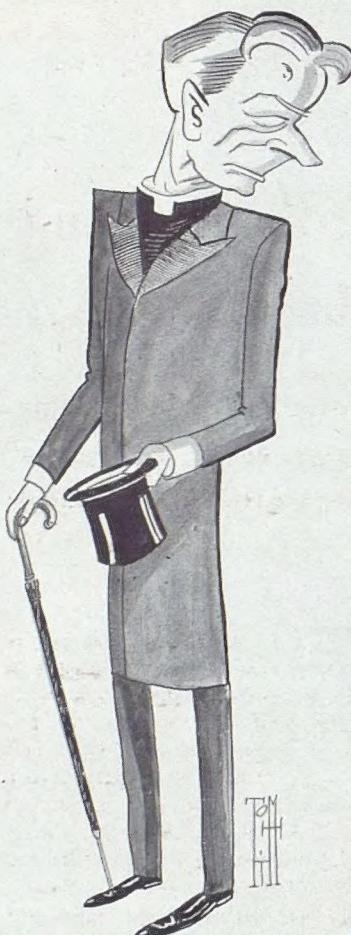
own that the author has not made things easy for his English audiences. His story belongs in spirit to the Dublin of 1913 when Jim Larkin with his Fiery Cross was filling the hot-headed youth of the city with romantically ecstatic dreams of a new world, and Mr. O'Casey should know that on this side of the Irish Channel there are no long political memories for him to stir, stir he never so passionately. Yet, if we have only the haziest recollection of our own and other people's political dreams, we can still take in a story, and if it be good enough enter with sympathy into the feelings of its characters, however remote they may be from our own. This story is not good enough for that. It is the story of a young fellow who throws away his life in a strike for an extra shilling because, as the girl who loved him but had been jealous of his fanaticism, said after his tragi-comic funeral: "Maybe he saw th' shilling in th' shape of a new world." These characters are not rich enough in individuality to make us see the world through their eyes; they are as much symbolic figures as the shilling. She stands for well-meaning, timidly unimaginative acquiescence in things as they are; he for a divine discontent, a vision of what might be, and the courage to back his imagination with his all.

BUT this somewhat sentimental little anecdote is borne forward on a flood of eloquence against a rich background of Dublin character. Mr. O'Casey is out not to tell a story and not primarily to create character, but to make stage poetry and to express a view of life in a form which can turn supply from humour to

tragedy and from fact to symbol. He sets out to achieve this by writing with more of the language than any other contemporary dramatist dares attempt to use and by grappling again with the difficult stage technique which defeated him in *Within the Gates*. The real triumph of the play is the scene on the Liffey quays where a realistic presentation of sordid night life passes by degrees into a vision of Dublin transfigured with the ragged and filthy old flower-sellers and the rest of the flotsam and jetsam of the quays dancing the dreams of youth. Here Mr. O'Casey succeeds in making the stage the vehicle for his poetic imagination at its height; and the scene communicates to us his sense of what is splendid and immortal and desirable in the depths of degradation. But all through this piece Mr. O'Casey seems for the first time to be at ease in his transitions from one degree of imaginative intensity to another. He is saying what he has to say in the way he wants to say it, and if this time he has neglected to provide himself with a story worthy of the theatrical technique and splendour of language he uses, *Red Roses* may in future, when Mr. O'Casey has advanced beyond it, be regarded as the play in which he obtained complete control of his medium. It is the sense of that mastery which—however poor a view one may take of the actual story—makes the play exciting and entitles it, one would suppose, to something more than suburban glory.

An Irish company are here to play it, and Mr. Kieron O'Hanrahan, as the sturdy young martyr, and Mr. Eddie Byrne, as the wandering fiddler, give fine performances.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Tristan Rawson as the Rev. E. Clinton, is the only English actor in an all-Irish cast



Ayamonn (Kieron O'Hanrahan) the idealistic labourer, the fiddler Brennan o' the Moor (Eddie Byrne), the singer (Dermot Mac Dowell) in an argument, Roory O'Balacaun (Alex Dignam) and Mullcann (Victor Wood), and Sheila Moorneen (Maureen Pook) in love with Ayamonn



Piera Sue is Rising Three



Ballerina and Her Daughter

June Brae is the Leading Dancer at the Wells and a Guest Artist at the Royal Opera House

● Last week June Brae took part in the presentation of two new ballets: on April 8th she danced the leading role in *Assembly Ball*, Andrée Howard's new ballet at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and, two nights later, as a guest artist, she took a leading part in Robert Helpmann's *Adam Zero*, at Covent Garden. In private life June Brae is Mrs. David Breedon. She is a dancer of exceptional lightness and musicality, with dramatic force covering the wide range from the humour of *A Wedding Bouquet* to the tragedy of *Giselle*. June Brae is one of the original members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. As the Lilac Fairy and in *Les Sylphides*, she has always been a great favourite: she created the Red Queen in *Checkmate*, the rich girl in *Nocturne*, and the lead in the *Children of Darkness* in *Dante Sonata*. Her small daughter, whose enchanting portrait appears above, and who has the unusual name of Piera, was born in May 1943.



In beautiful weather, the citizens of Mildura turned out to greet their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester when they paid an aerial visit and were shown some of the district's activities at Red Cliffs and Merbein

A Royal Family Reunion in Australia

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at Canberra and Visit of Their Royal Highnesses to Mildura



The Duchess of Gloucester receives a bouquet from little Mary Henderson, daughter of the Mayor of Mildura, during a civic reception at Henderson Park



This family group was taken on the lawns at Government House, Canberra, after the arrival of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten from Singapore. They were guests during their stay of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Above are the Duke of Gloucester, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Prince William in the arms of Lord Louis Mountbatten, and the Duchess of Gloucester

The Hambledon Hunt Point-to-Point near Bedhampton, in Hampshire



Miss P. B. Hammick on Gamesky taking the last jump in the Ladies' Challenge Cup



Viscount Cowdray and Cdr. Latham. Lord Cowdray lives at Cowdray Park, Midhurst



Major-Gen. S. S. Butler, the starter. He was head of the British Military Mission in Ethiopia from 1941 to 1943



Mrs. M. N. Tufnell, winner of the Ladies' Challenge Cup, with her horse, Bonny Girl

The Dumfriesshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Roberthill, Lockerbie



Major R. P. Nicol, the Hunt Secretary, Lady Johnson-Ferguson and Mr. Raymond Johnson-Ferguson



Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, of Castle Milk, Lockerbie, and Col. Joseph Steele, of Kirkwood



Major and Mrs. Howie, from Ayrshire, and their young son, Jeremy



Capt. F. W. Brook, of Kinmount and Hoddam, and Mrs. Neilson from Northumberland

The Old Berkeley (East) Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Watford



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wilfred E. Lyde. Col. Lyde's Gay Galliard ran in the Lincoln



Mr. Matheson, Mr. Heaton, Miss Howitt, Mr. Powell, Lady Heaton, Mrs. Matheson, Miss Wynne-Edwards and Sir Frederick Heaton



Capt. F. B. Bolton and Mrs. D. Graham. The Old Berkeley is divided into two packs, the East and the West



Lady Rupert Nevill

Lady Rupert Nevill, who is Chairman of the Ball Committee in aid of the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. The Ball is to be held at the Dorchester on May 8th



Meeting Held in Connection with the Royal Naval War Libraries

Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E. (chairman), Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Fifth Sea Lord, and Dame Laughton Matthews, Director of the W.R.N.S.



The meeting was held in connection with changing the name of the libraries to that of War Loan Libraries. Above are Captain L. Ritchie, R.N. (S.), and the Venerable Archdeacon J. K. Wilson

Jennifer writes HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Not long before the Court left Buckingham Palace, Princess Elizabeth, who has been the guest of honour at so many parties and dances in the West End in recent weeks, gave a small return party of her own at Buckingham Palace, to which some forty of her closest friends of both sexes were invited. It was an informal pre-dinner gathering, and for two hours from six o'clock onwards, the Princess entertained her guests in one of the rooms on the first floor of the Palace which normally forms part of the King's official apartments, in which His Majesty receives important visitors. Like every other party which the Princess has given or attended, this small affair was a big success: H.R.H. seems to have that rare gift of being able by her mere presence to make a party "go," a reason which has a good deal to do with her very great personal popularity among her large and increasing circle of friends.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Department I hear that there is now no possibility of the holding of any Courts this year, a decision on the part of His Majesty which, taking the world situation into account, was only to be expected. But I also understand that an idea mooted some time ago for the holding of two or three evening parties at the Palace on fairly informal lines, attendance at which would be recognised as the equivalent of, or substitute for, presentation at Court, has now been abandoned, a piece of news which will be received regretfully by the mounting number of young women who should have made their curtsies within the last six and a-half years.

Against this, however, there is heartening news that plans are now under active consideration for the holding of one, or possibly two, Royal Garden Parties at the Palace, on much the lines of pre-war affairs—though, I fear, with far less plentiful provision of raspberries and cream, and other delicacies—later in the

season. These parties would be entirely distinct from the garden party already announced for June 6th, at which Their Majesties will be hosts in the Palace grounds to workers of the National Savings Movement, drawn from all over the country: and guests at them will receive their invitations direct from the Lord Chamberlain.

HOSPITAL BALL

MRS. WALTER WHIGHAM was at home recently at her charming house in Hyde Park Gardens (which, incidentally, was damaged in the raids) for the first committee meeting in connection with the Ball she is organising at the Savoy Hotel on May 9th in aid of funds for St. Mary's Hospital Ladies' Association. Everyone will, I hope, remember when they support this Ball that St. Mary's Hospital was the birthplace of penicillin, that wonderful discovery which is daily saving hundreds of lives. The Ladies' Association has many duties to carry out in connection with the hospital, but their greatest task is providing the linen. This is a very big item, and in these days a very expensive one.

The tickets include supper, which is to be followed by a cabaret which Lupino Lane is arranging, and Carol Gibbons is superintending his band, which is to play for dancing at the Ball. Mrs. Whigham has had to limit the number of tickets to 350, so that the ballroom will not be too overcrowded, so often a mistake at these dances. Among the vice-presidents helping Mrs. Whigham are Lady Violet Benson, Lady Fleming, Mr. Ronald Gilbey, who kindly provided the cocktails after the meeting, Lady Moran and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild—other members of the committee include Mrs. Dickson Wright, the Hon. Mrs. Quintin Hogg, Lady Hill and Mrs. Guy Harben. The junior committee was well represented at the meeting; Lord Montague of Beaulieu, Mr. Francis

Whigham, Captain Anthony Samuelson and Miss Pamela Wells in her W.R.N.S. uniform, were some of the young people present who made helpful suggestions. A note—will all ladies going to this dance remember not to wear flowers, as some of the leading florists are giving sprays to be sold in aid of the fund.

MORE NATIONAL NEWS

GRAY spring suits made their appearance in the glorious sunshine which blessed this year's National meeting at Aintree (such a contrast to the bitter weather for the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham a few weeks earlier). The Countess of Lewes was looking attractive in scarlet with touches of navy blue; she was with the Earl of Lewes who has just come home from the British Zone in Germany where he had been since our occupation, and who is now working at the War Office. Mrs. Tony Bellville added a high spot of colour to the scene with her emerald-green cap. She had come over from Chester where she was staying—as were many others, including Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Major Humphrey Butler, Colonel Peter Payne-Gallwey, Major Dermot Daly and Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt. Mrs. Jimmy Rank wore a long red coat with a black hat on National day. A quartette I met who had come up from Gloucestershire were Captain and Mrs. Player with Major and Mrs. Jim Crewdson. Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine were giving news of their eldest son Robin. He is now in America with his wife on a business tour; they had recently been staying with Loretta Young in her home in Hollywood which they had thoroughly enjoyed before they went up north in the States.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were there each day, and Lord Fitzwilliam's sister, Lady Joan Philips. Captain and Mrs. Ian Henderson were chatting to Mr. Tony Crane, who told me after the National that he had won £90 over a £5.



Round the Restaurants in London After Dark

The Hon. Anthony Herbert, youngest son of the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, and the Hon. Mrs. Innes

Earl and Countess Beatty, who were married this year and Colonel and Mrs. G. S. Courtney

Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swaebe

double on Langton Abbot and Lovely Cottage ! Miss Violet de Trafford was looking pretty in grey with a white hat, and others there were Lord and Lady Normanton, Lady Sybil Phipps and her daughter Lady Cooke, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Lady Helen Smith, Sir Kenneth Gibson, the handicapper, who must have had many worrying hours with so many Irish entries and only Irish form to go on !

Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Mrs. George Lambton, and her son Teddy (still receiving congratulations on his Lincolnshire winner), Lord Lovat and his brother the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Tom Blackwell, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, Mr. Peter Cazalet, Lord Carnarvon, the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Mr. Tommy Clyde, Brigadier Fielden, Lord Morris, Brigadier Jack Speed and Captain Jackie Astor, who had the bad luck to lose his good horse Prince Rupert on the opening day, were a few of the men at the meeting.

NATIONAL NIGHT

NATIONAL NIGHT at the famous Adelphi, where for many years the owners, trainers and riders of the Grand National winners have often stayed, was crowded but quiet. Mr. and Mrs. John Morant had a big party of friends, including Captain and Mrs. Bobby Petre, to celebrate their win ; they very thoughtfully gave up the following day's racing to go down and see their trainer, Mr. Tommy Rayson, who was taken ill on the eve of the race, to thank him and tell him all about the race. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, who had three winners at the meeting, though, alas, had not fulfilled their hopes with Prince Regent, had a small party of friends. It was interesting to see the riders of five Grand National winners dining at different tables in the room that night : Jack Anthony, Evan Williams, Bruce Hobbs, Fulke Walwyn, and the hero of the day, Bobby Petre. Lord and Lady Delamere had a party of friends with them. Mrs. Evan Williams, looking trim in brown, also had a big party. Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington had Mrs. Idina Mills, the Earl and Countess of Lewes, and Sir Eric Mieville in their party. Lord and Lady Irwin, Lord Stanley, and Miss Priscilla Bullock had come over from Knowsley to dine with Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke (the latter looking beautiful in a yellow dinner dress), and the Hon. Henry Tufton and his wife. Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, Major and Mrs. Bankier, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Captain Hector and Lady Jean Christie and Lady Petre were others there that night.



Mrs. D. Eccles and Mr. Alastair Stewart, M.C.



Sir Harold Hood and his fiancée, the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy, only daughter of Lord Strabolgi



Miss B. Lyttleton and the Hon. Anthony Cayzer, younger son of Lord Rotherwick



Major and Lady Betty Winnington. Lady Betty is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lichfield

Reunion of Staff Officers of Anti-Aircraft Command in London



Watching the Cabaret

• Staff officers, both past and present, of Anti-Aircraft Command Headquarters who worked together during the war had a rendezvous in London recently. The occasion marked their first reunion since peace was declared, and many old friends and colleagues met once again at a dance which was held at Grosvenor House. Two of the commanders of Anti-Aircraft Command past and present were at the reunion, they are General Sir Frederick Pile and Lieut.-General Sir Wyndham Green

Photographs by O'Brien, Guildford



General Sir Frederick Pile, who was G.O.C.-in-C., Anti-Aircraft Command, during the war, and Mrs. Lamplugh, wife of Major-General S. Lamplugh



Lieut.-General Sir Wyndham Green, who is the present G.O.C.-in-C., Anti-Aircraft Command



Major-General R. C. Reynolds, commander of No. 1 Anti-Aircraft Group, London



Major-General R. F. E. Whittaker, who commanded an A.A. Group in London during the war, and Mrs. Whittaker



Major Charles Jenour, of Chepstow, talking to a friend



Major-General Whittaker, Lieut.-Colonel Thorburn and Captain Vivian Jenkins

The Anglo-Swiss University Slalom and Downhill Races at St. Moritz



The British University Team After the Race

On the terrace of Corviglia Club after the race are (in front) M., Andrea Badrutt, of St. Moritz, Mrs. J. Walker, Mrs. R. Readhead, Major R. Readhead, Major J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, Capt. Bill Bracken; (behind) Capt. Wilfred Dodd, Miss Walker, Major Bowen-Colthurst, Major P. Waddell, Mrs. Waddell, Capt. J. Walker

• The first post-war meeting of the Anglo-Swiss University teams was a great success. The British did remarkably well considering the lack of training, especially Capt. Wilfred Dodd, who was excellent in the Downhill Race. Major R. Readhead, Major Palmer-Tomkinson and Major

Waddell were members of the old University team of 1939. The Downhill Race covered a distance of 4 kms. and a difference of altitude of 800 m. The average speed was just under 50 m.p.h. The total results for the best times were the Swiss team, 24'03,6 secs., and the British, 25'34,6 secs.

Photographs by Dr. P. Schloss



The British Team

Capt. John Walker, Capt. Wilfred Dodd, Major Peter Waddell, Capt. Bill Bracken (trainer).
Major Robert Readhead (captain), Major J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson



Rudi Rominger, Swiss ski champion, passing a gate in perfect position



Major Peter Waddell in the Slalom race, whose time was 2'57,2 secs.



Major Robert Readhead in the Slalom. His time was 2'44 secs.



Adolf Odermatt (Swiss), the winner of the Downhill race in 3'09 secs.



Capt. Wilfred Dodd, who covered the 4 kilometre distance in 3'20 secs.



Spring in Paris

Left: On the quai de la Mégisserie, close by the Seine River, all people who own a garden know that on these stalls they will find a full assortment of seeds and suckers to be replanted. All the envelopes contain seeds, and among them you can make a choice of the best sort of radish or the sweetest carrot. Right: On the Champs-Elysées the cafés have once more set up their terraces on the pavement and everyone finds out once again how pleasant it is to sip an "apéritif" in the sunshine

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"On ne peut pas tout avoir!"

PANEM ET CIRCENSES! The circus was sufficiently evident, but where, oh, where was the sturdy ox of the Mi-Carême of yester-years? The Bœuf-Gras that, until twelve years ago, was king of the procession and was paraded through the streets, slaughtered at the end of the day and distributed to the poor of Paris. (For "poor" read "blokes-with-a-pull.") The effort to revive the gaiety of mid-Lent was brave enough, but while the spirit was willing, ways and means remained weak. The fine show made by the Garde Républicaine in dress uniform, magnificently mounted, formed an over-gorgeous contrast to the spit-and-plaster "floats" and the calico costumes of the procession they led. Who says that we lack paper in Paris? There was no confetti, of course, but from the upper windows of the business houses lining the route there fluttered, à l'Américaine, an endless shower of torn paper! . . . Good use has been found at last for all the unwanted "dailies" of the Yellow Press that have flooded the city since Liberation. The Young People of the Quarter, the Midinettes of the Place Vendôme (did Noel Coward, now in Paris, and again in possession of his flat that was taken over by the Gestapo during Occupation, look down from his aerie and smile upon them?), the Stenodactylos of the Rue du Sentier and the shop-girls of the *grands magasins*, had a grand time; but was the man-in-the-street really amused? In the Metro at the Opera station one ticket-puncher shouted across the intervening rails to the other: "Have you been to see the chars-à-bancs?" His colleague, without deigning to put his reply into words, shrugged his shoulders and spat eloquently.

This, perhaps, may be explained by the fact that the somewhat blasé M.-in-the-S. got his real thrill a day earlier when the band of the 1st Battn. of the Royal Scots marched along the Grands Boulevards, playing the marches and the tunes that France loves to hear and knows as well as she knows her "Marseillaise" and her "Madelon"! That the men wore trews instead of kilts was a bit of a disappointment, for the lasses have an eye for a handsome leg in this village; but, trews or not (so to write!), the men had a royal welcome as they marched. The Franco-British Gala, for which they were to play, was given the next evening at the Palais de Chaillot in aid of one of the Resistance charities, and a remarkable film, *Présence au combat*, illustrating the part played by France in World War No. 2, released through the British Ministry of Information, was shown; *Un grand documentaire* that aroused great enthusiasm and increased the girth of many sixteen-year-old chests by several centimetres. M. Michelet, the French Minister of War, arrived bareheaded as usual (these no-hatters must be a sore trial to the cloak-room attendants), with M. Naegelen (Education . . . sez they!) and M. Delferre (Information . . . of a kind) came, too. The British C.D. was represented by Mr. Ashley Clarke, H.M.'s recently appointed Minister to Paris, and Mrs. Ashley Clarke, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. Shelley, Air Vice-Admiral R. A. George, Sir Robert and Lady Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Perry, and the Consul-General, Mr. R. H. Tottenham Smith, with Mrs. Tottenham Smith. There were a great many more "names" that ought to be set down here, but I became involved in an

argument with a young critic—young, but old enough to know better—anent M. André Obey's new play, *Maria*, that has been produced at the Comédie des Champs Elysées, and I forgot everything else.

The André Obey vintage is too well known to English people to need any bush, and even the reminder that one of his most famous plays, *Noé*, was played with great success by the Compagnie des Quinze in London, somewhere around 1936, I believe, is unnecessary. *Maria* is a play that I would not care to synopsis—if the word is permissible—in a few lines, and I quite sympathise with the young man who declared himself certain that he was not the only person in the theatre who hadn't understood a word of it. What made me angry was that, simply because he didn't understand, he slated the whole thing from beginning to end. It is always much easier to condemn than to praise, and it was tempting to follow *la loi du moindre effort* in this case; but how could one ignore the perfect writing, the exquisite lines that delighted the ear, the mise-en-scène, by André Obey himself, that enchanted the eye, and the intelligent acting of such clever people as Bernard Blier, Henri Nasset and Lucien Blondeau. . . .

I hope my young friend enjoyed a happier evening at the Théâtre Mogador, where they have revived *No, No, Nanette!* The Easter tourist also will enjoy himself. The tunes are still familiar, the dances are gay, the dresses are scanty, and the humour is idiotic. But when one thinks of the lovely pages of Messager, Offenbach, Audran and, more recently, Maurice Yvain and Louis Beydts, one wonders that the Parisian audience, at the first night of the



This flower-laden barrow faces the Opera House, and what a gay splash of colour and gaiety it makes after the long weariness of winter. The flower-seller herself arranges her blooms to make them look even more attractive to the passers-by



Angling on the Banks of the Seine



Voilà!

• The tremendous ovation that welcomed the band of the 1st Battn. of the Royal Scots when it marched through Paris the other day before playing at the Franco-British Gala given at the Palais de Chaillot, reminds one of the enthusiastic speech made by a famous French *entente-cordiale* politician during World War No. 1. He ended his peroration thusly: ". . . And, my friends, believe me: *the same hearts* beat under the horizon blue tunics of our *poilus* as under the brilliant kilts of the brave *Ecossais*!" And then they played the "Marseillaise."

On the Boulevards One Sandwich-man Meets Another Sandwich-man



Mr. John Davis Being Presented to H.R.H. the Princess Royal



Michael Redgrave, who stars in the film, plays the part of a Czech who masquerades as a British officer

"CAPTIVE HEART" PREMIÈRE

The World Première of *The Captive Heart* was given recently at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Victory Ex-Services Club. The Princess Royal honoured the première with her presence. Her Royal Highness was received by Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Chairman of the Première Committee, who presented Mrs. Attlee, President of the Ladies' Committee, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, President of the Victory Club Appeal, and several others. The purpose of the Appeal is to establish a large club and cultural centre in London for ex-Service men and women of the United Nations, in memory of the fighting men and women who lost their lives in this war. The film,

which is magnificent, has as its main background a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. It shows the courage of the prisoners, and the understanding which existed between them, also the many problems that confronted them in their captivity. The scenes of the film were actually shot in what had been a German prisoner-of-war camp for Allied prisoners, soon after it had been liberated by our forces. A strong British cast is headed by Michael Redgrave, whose wife plays opposite to him in the film. The great interest that the Princess Royal took in this film was not surprising, as her elder son, Viscount Lascelles, was a P.O.W. in Germany for several years



Michael Redgrave and his actress wife, Rachel Kempson, and Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Mrs. Attlee, wife of the Prime Minister, who was President of the Committee, and the Hon. Mrs. J. Arthur Rank



Brig.-General E. R. Fitzpatrick, Chairman of the British Legion, who was one of the Vice-Presidents, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick



Lord and Lady Leathers. Lord Leathers was appointed Minister of War Transport in May 1941



Captain McCallum and Mrs. Vernon Tate



Mr. Dorsay Fisher and the Countess of Middleton



Mr. T. Crump and Princess Melikoff



The Duchess of Marlborough and the Countess of Limerick, Deputy Chairman of the British Red Cross



Lady Cripps, wife of Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mrs. Victor Finney



Lady Alanbrooke, wife of the Field-Marshal, and her daughter, Kathleen



Miss Pamela Tate, Mr. Forbes and Miss Virginia Tate



Mr. J. Arthur Rank and Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, who commanded 83 Group during the invasion of the Continent, and Air/Cdre. D. A. Boyle



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff and First Senior Air Member of the Air Council, with Air Vice-Marshal T. C. Traill, Commander of 83 Group and Chairman of the Association

First Reunion of the R.A.F.'s 83 Group Officers' Association

• Three hundred and fifty present and former members of the famous 83 Group, R.A.F., which supported Montgomery's army in the invasion of the Continent, were present at the first reunion of the newly-formed 83 Group Officers' Association at the Connaught Rooms in London. The Officer Commanding 83 Group in 1944 was Air Vice-Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, who was one of the first pilots to land in Normandy four days after D-Day. He returned at once to complete the arrangements for transferring his headquarters, and within a few days 83 Group was operating from French soil on air-strips in Normandy well under enemy gunfire



Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C.-in-C. Flying Training Command

Two women guests of honour were Sister Ogilvie and Sister Billson, M.B.E., with F/Lt. S. McClatchey

Air Marshal Sir James Robb is Air Officer-in-Chief, Fighter Command. He was present at the signing of the German surrender at Rheims



F/Lt. T. H. Rowsell, S/Ldr. R. C. O. Goodchild and S/Ldr. A. E. Chivers



S/Ldr. R. N. F. Whalley, of Canada, G/Capt. "Johnny" Johnson, one of the R.A.F.'s greatest fighter pilots, W/Cdr. R. H. Harris and F/O. P. A. Hayes



Dennis Moss

Visit of the Amir of Transjordan to Cirencester Park

Front row (left to right) : Dr. Showkat Psha Sati, Ibrahim Pasha (Prime Minister), Lady Apsley, H.H. the Amir of Transjordan, Earl Bathurst, Lady Cripps, Mohd Bey-Zabori. Back row (left to right) : Mrs. Northfield, Air Marshal Cassidy, Miss Lister, Abdul Bey, Minowa Shakr, Col. Northfield, Col. R. Broadhurst, A.D.C., Ghazi, Rajce, Air Marshal Inglis, Sir Frederick Cripps, D.S.O.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

The National

ANY jockey in any race who, from any cause whatsoever, is compelled to go the wrong pace at any period of the contest, almost inevitably finds himself headed for defeat. This is the more true if the distance is long and the horse has a big weight. It is especially true of the Grand National, and the fact is underlined by reason of the very formidable obstructions in the path. This year's race was run at a cracking pace from start to finish. Disaster came thick and fast, and the loose horses were with the survivors most of the way, their vagaries being as unpredictable as ever. Tim Hyde on Prince Regent had to go the pace that he would not have chosen to get clear, and I would go further, and say, that that is true of a good many more of them, Symbole, Limestone Edward, and some others. It was obviously a case of get out or get knocked over. Even before Becher's the first time there were any amount of lodgings to let, the first fence flooring quite a lot of them. Defeated—but most emphatically not disgraced! There will be few who saw the race who will dissent from this verdict. Prince Regent had to be up in the line all the way, fighting it out with one after the other who came at him, plus the worst handicap of all, the loose horses. At the Anchor Bridge second time round he looked to have got rid of the worst of his troubles, but it was not so, for the riderless kept buzzing about the survivors like flies round a honey-pot. Like a great many more people who saw Prince Regent land safely over that armful of a place just before Anchor Bridge, I thought it was all over. The favourite then put about 10 lengths of daylight between himself and his, up till then, most dangerous challenger, Limestone Edward. They were followed over the Melling Road by a bunch of loose horses and Schubert, Jack Finlay, Lovely Cottage and, I think, Housewarmer, all in a bunch. The next thing I saw was Prince Regent still apparently going well into the fences in the straight, but two loose horses were still sticking to him like leeches and running across him: probably bumping and hampering him. This is not exactly calculated to help after four miles and a bit at such a solid pace as he had been compelled to go. After he had thrown that very unpleasant obstacle the Anchor Bridge fence behind him, it looked as if even these pests might not stop him.

A Real Rasper!

"UNPLEASANT" is the word for that Anchor Bridge fence. It is 5 ft. high, i.e., higher than the one at Becher's, 3 ft. thick, and there is a 5 ft. 6 in. ditch, 4 ft. deep, on the

other side. I think it is a worse place than Becher's, and second only to the big open ditch next before the water, "The Chair," so called because of the old iron chair in which the distance judge sat in the days of the old 4-mile heats. However, to resume: two loose horses were with Prince Regent and those near him at this critical stage, and only the jockeys can tell us how much damage they did to the favourite, who was not exactly as fresh as a daisy. Lovely Cottage and Jack Finlay, both as admirably ridden as Prince Regent—and that is a very high compliment indeed to pay Captain Petre and W. Kidney—were at exactly the right range for the delivery of the *coup de grâce* if the chance offered itself. They also had to contend with the riderless, but the pace naturally had not told so much upon them as upon the top weight, with his 12 st. 5 lb. to their 10 st. odd. Was Prince Regent a beaten horse after the Melling Road? There will be various opinions. My own is that he had had quite enough of it, but might have scrambled home if he had not had so much to contend with; the interference knocked off a lot of the 10-lengths advantage he had gained before he got on to the racecourse. A pat from a rabbit's paw may sometimes be almost heavy enough to push a tired man into the nearest ditch! Condolences and congratulations! It was a fine race to watch and the visibility was perfect.

The Horse

SINCE it is evident that in spite of all that Hitler has done to us, this animal is not extinct, and that his popularity is on the increase, it would seem that people who have never been on his back before are anxious to have a try to see what it feels like. In the circumstances, perhaps a few cursory remarks by someone who has met the animal in many shapes, may be of some slight assistance. Generally speaking, the horse is one of the friendliest and kindest of the surviving mammals—if approached in the right way. It may, however, be as well to recall that an eminent Bengali gentleman, who aspired to become a Bay Middleton, once remarked: "The horse is friend of man, but he does not always do so!" and that there are horses and horses—some, without a shadow of doubt, being homicidal maniacs; others just well-meaning man-slaughterers. It may be as well if the aspirant equestrian discovers to which of these two species an animal belongs before getting on its back, not that it makes much difference in the end (to the rider) whether his demise is caused by malice prepense, or sheer stupidity—for the wreaths will be sent by his friends just the same. But if you can, I should say avoid both as you would the plague.

Caution

OF course, some people never get a chance. For instance, A. may say to B., "Now don't you believe none of them lies what they have been and gone and told you about this 'orse: you ride 'im bold, jump off in front, and you'll never see none of 'em again!" And then to the half-conscious remains, being carried back in a rug, or on an ironing-board out of a farmhouse: "Now would you believe it! If anyone 'ad bin and told me that you could pull 'im down with a rope, I'd 'ave up and said you're a ———!" However, do not let a recital of this description put anyone off, for all horses are not like this. All horses are not addicted to vulgarity, but there are some who will go to any lengths. If the student should happen to meet one about which he is not quite sure, a good way is to find out the worst as soon as possible. Give him a puck with your heels, slap him in the ribs, or even pinch his withers, or tickle him behind the saddle. If nothing happens—well—you know where you are, anyway! The great thing is never to let on that you are as afraid of him as he thinks that you are! A good poker player might quite easily make up into a Cut 'Em Down Captain. The big idea when you go horseback riding is never to believe all that you are told—or even half—for the quickest and best way is to find out for yourself. In way-back times they say that there was a thing called a Chalicotherium, "a great herbivorous animal something like a horse, but with peculiar universal joints to its feet." That is a scientist's description. The creature is alleged to be extinct, but this is doubtful. The vendors merely put the emphasis on another word, the one "like." It may be apposite to remind the student that the earliest known form of Tank was constructed in the shape of a horse (at a place called Troy). Many horses since then have compelled their riders to recall this fact.



"I'm seriously thinking of striking—unofficially, of course—for shorter hours and more dried egg."

THE SCENE AND THE RACE

THE first post-war Grand National brought thousands of people streaming north to Aintree; Liverpool did its share to put them up, and so did Chester and other nearby towns. Many came for the day from London on "third class only and no food" trains, but that was not going to deter the real enthusiast! There were about 15,000 cars and coaches parked on and around the course; this was more than in any pre-war year, but the traffic arrangements worked splendidly, and everyone I spoke to said they had got along the roads and into the car parks quite easily. This was greatly helped by the control of traffic from a plane flying over the course, the wireless and telephone lines installed by the military, and last, but certainly not least, the "Walkie-talkie" apparatus used by the troops and loaned by them to assist in marshalling the huge crowds.

Great credit is due to Mr. Topham and his staff in this very family business which manages Aintree, for the amazing way they had managed to get the course, paddock and enclosures back into such splendid order in literally only a matter of weeks since it was de-requisitioned.

The private boxes were all in use once more, including Lord Derby's, with the large glass-fronted luncheon-room, which adjoins it at the back and looks out directly over the unsaddling enclosure and paddock, and from where Lord Derby watched his first winner of the season (Sky High) being led in after winning the Union Jack Stakes on the opening day—which coincided with his eighty-first birthday. Lord Derby, who is much beloved in Lancashire, came to the meeting each day with Lady Derby and always received a big reception from the crowd. With him in his box were his grandson, Lord Stanley, his grand-daughters, Lady Irwin and Miss Priscilla Bullock, who all three inherit his love of racing; his daughter-in-law, Lady Stanley, Lord Irwin, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who were all his guests at Knowsley for the meeting. Lord Rosebery, who was also staying at Knowsley, went racing, with the house party the first day, but was taken ill and unable to go the two following days.

Near by, in their box on the corner of the County stand, which also has a luncheon-room adjoining, were Lord and Lady Sefton, entertaining friends, including Lord and Lady Adare, who had come over from Ireland for the meeting, and the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Cripps, with their only son, Milo.

The Grand National was one of the best races to watch I've ever seen; visibility was perfect and one could see the whole way round the course. It was a wonderful sight to see the thirty-four runners, with their jockeys up, parading round in the brilliant sunshine, then walking slowly past the stands, headed by the favourite, Prince Regent.

The Off—then the cavalcade down to the first fence where there were at least one or two casualties; then on out into the country over those formidable fences. As they came towards the stands the second time there were only seven standing. The crowd had by now started cheering the favourite who, although still hampered by loose horses, was many lengths ahead of the rest, and the race looked won; then came the great surprise, Captain Petre suddenly realising that the favourite was tiring, gave Lovely Cottage a pat with his whip. He responded gamely, closed the gap with the favourite and, over the last fence, went sailing ahead to win by four lengths from Jack Finlay, who had made a terrific last-minute effort with Prince Regent three lengths away third.

Jennifer

THE GRAND NATIONAL



The Finish of the Race : Lovely Cottage Leads Jack Finlay and Prince Regent



Two casualties, P. Lay (standing), jockey of Newark Hill, and M. Redmond, jockey of Symbole, which was killed at Becher's Brook



Another bad spill at Becher's Brook was Largo, whose jockey, J. Cooke, had to be pulled out from underneath his mount



The winner of the 1946 Grand National, Lovely Cottage, owned by Mr. J. Morant, trained by T. Rayson, and ridden by Captain R. Petre, the amateur rider. Lovely Cottage won by four lengths from Jack Finlay

Langton Abbot Wins the Lincoln



Langton Abbot, winner of the Lincoln, with T. Weston up, being led in, after his runaway victory, by Mrs. Best, the wife of the owner. He was trained by Teddie Lampton and is said to be one of the easiest winners on record.

THE VAUDEVILLE GOLFING SOCIETY HAD ITS FIRST MATCH SINCE THE WAR, RECENTLY, AGAINST THE LONDON PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT SUDSBURY G.C.

The match resulted in a win for the Pros.



V.G.S. v. the Pro's: by "Mel"

LAWN TENNIS and Other Pastimes

John Olliff

HAVE you ever known what it is to possess a whole-hearted admiration, a profound awe for a champion, and then suddenly been faced with the fact of having to play that champion?

The question was asked by that fine player and delightful personality of another generation, Miss Toupie Lowther. The difference in the outlook, temperament and behaviour of the earlier and the later champions is well brought out by an extract from a most delightful letter, which she wrote before I was born, which begins with the plaintive query above and goes on: "If so, I think you will agree it is a most doubtful pleasure. I am referring to the long ago, before one has become the spartan, the stoic, who takes a defeat or a victory in the same unemotional spirit which, I am informed, constitutes the right and proper lawn-tennis temperament—an attribute, by the way, I lack to the last degree. The shock to my nervous system was very severe when told I had to play Mrs. Hillyard—*MRS. HILL-YARD*, the innumerable times champion! So much so, that when I walked on to the court at the Homburg Tournament, and began the match, the balls seemed to have shrunk to the size of marbles, the net to have stretched in height like Alice in Wonderland, and my accuracy departed to such an extent that I wondered whether I had been born cross-eyed. Mrs. Hillyard, whom I had not the pleasure of knowing at that time, on the contrary, seemed imbued with a demon-like agility, and placed that wretched little ball wherever she liked, and invariably where I was not, until, panting and distressed in body and mind, discouraged and despairing, I swore to myself (it seemed that swearing was the only faculty left me) that *NEVER* would I play in a tournament again."

"She won the first set with great ease; and when we crossed over, after 6–1 had been called against me in sepulchral tones by the most melancholy umpire I ever saw, she let fly at me with, 'Why on earth don't you try? Of course, I cannot give you these odds (she was owing me half-thirty), if only you will play up. It is perfectly sickening playing someone who doesn't try. Don't be such a d—d fool! Stick to it, and you'll win.' The effect of this encouragement by a total stranger, and still more the somewhat drastic and peculiar method of giving it, was magical. I felt so 'bucked,' as the schoolboys say, that my nervousness left me entirely, and I won the match!"

No wonder Miss Lowther never forgot such a sporting gesture. I cannot conceive a modern Wimbledon champion doing such a thing; but, of course, the modern champion is never seen playing in handicap events, which is a great pity.

Squash Rackets

AT the recent Women's Squash Tournament at Queen's Club, Mrs. Geoffrey Powell (Susan Noel), the former champion, showed that she has lost nothing but her stamina; her skill was as deadly as ever. After winning the first two games she was beaten in the final by Miss Joan Curry, of Torquay, who is as promising at lawn tennis as she is at squash. She looked so dainty in the court that at first one only noticed how neat and nimble she was, until it soon became apparent that a future champion was in the making.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

Art

FOR a ducal member to put Mr. Ernest Bevin up for Grillon's, that small, exclusive Regency club glittering with 18-carat big-bonnets, is hardly the feat nowadays that a Sunday paper seemed to imply, for Mr. Bevin is admittedly a person, if not a portent. A hundred years ago even a drunk duke would never have had the nerve. But Time marches on, as an American thinker lately discovered.

Strangely enough Grillon's (founded 1813 at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street) is not mentioned in the memoirs of that dashing Regency buck Captain Gronow, whose entertaining survey of Clubland in 1814 embraces Almack's, White's, Boodle's, Brooks's, Wattier's, Arthur's, Graham's, and the Guards'. Perhaps the Captain didn't like the members of Grillon's. Few clubmen care for other clubmen anyway. When the Reform was Liberal, for example, we knew a pure-minded member who used ritually to shake his fist when passing the Athenaeum windows after luncheon, revolted by the thought of so many figures lying in deep armchairs, pale and exhausted after the night's debauchery. And to-day we know a very cleanly member of the Bath Club to whom all other clubmen without exception stink. You think West End clubmen are glossy carefree dogs, but they have their worries, as a melancholy poet has well sung:

When at the Athenaeum
Lads drank their cares away,
Even in that museum
It was not always gay;
Carlton Club lads had oodles
Of ills to drive them mad,
And lads knew trouble at Boodle's,
When I was a Boodle's lad.

Footnote

INCIDENTALLY, an older and more illustrious club than Grillon's, namely The Literary Club, founded by Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1764, had reluctantly to decline Gilbert Keith Chesterton's candidature a few years ago. Chesterton, a great and charming man and the most brilliant intellectual talker since Johnson, was middle-class, they discovered, just in time. Talk about worries! Coo!

Suggestion

RIGHT back in Java we can see the popeyed mob stumbling out of the theatre, as incapable of giving a reasonable précis of those mystical overtones as the average British fan after viewing a native comedy-film in which everyone gets his pants torn off (a fertility-rite, incidentally). In a word, we think Oriental intelligence on the whole slightly overrated, like Oriental subtlety. If you want the real thing, try unravelling a phrase or two of the popular Aberdonian best-seller, Duns Scotus, known to the philosophical world (and how rightly) as *Doctor Subtilis*.

Politesse

TWO brawny thugs who attacked a woman in the S.W. area recently and grabbed her handbag returned it to her after emptying it; which seems to show that the manners of the Race today are not so crude and lax as pessimists assert.

Maybe those two hard boys had been looking up that absorbing 18th-century companion to the Newgate Calendar called *Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals, etc.*, in which there figures a hero of ours, an exquisitely polite highwayman named John Turner, hanged at Tyburn in the 1720's. Mr. Turner, who worked the High Toby on the Great West Road, never held up the Bath coach without profuse and smiling apologies, passing his hat gracefully round' the passengers and begging those who were short of ready cash not to bother, please. His school is not mentioned, but we guess he was an Old Wykehamist. Maybe the two gentlemen who returned the lady's handbag are, too. Ex-public school crime nowadays is mostly confined to operations in the City, but this need not necessarily exclude other fields of financial enterprise. And no doubt on the fringe of many a metropolitan hold-up gang there are at this moment chaps from some scrubby little foundation whose Head just managed to scrape into the Headmasters' Conference by slipping somebody a fiver. It must be frightful having to have them.

However, good luck to all men of breeding who snatch handbags, say we, and may their example permeate the underworld of *la haute Finance*, which badly needs it.

Spotlight

SEEING that the average Hollywood topliner fades out in about five to ten years ("the poorhouse or British films," as the grim Hollywood saying is), one feels that the recent



"If this rider says 'Upsadaisy' once more, I'll throw him at the water-jump"

reception at the House of Commons to Miss Mary Pickford was a fitting tribute from popular favourites whose chances of enduring front-page publicity are even slimmer than a movie star's.

You think we exaggerate the legislative boys' hunger for newspaper fame? A few years ago a Parliamentary Correspondent we know saw a great fat orgulous M.P. blubbering almost publicly because the *Times* had given him only one line. Naturally they aren't all like that; we could mention at least half a dozen who don't care if the newspapers never mention them. But there are plenty of others as vain as peacocks, chorus-girls, dons, bullfighters, scientists, best-selling booksy boys, best-selling booksy girls, BBC narks, opera singers, star murderers, critics, and (oddly enough) trainers of performing fleas, of whom we have encountered two, both monsters of complacent conceit. One of them, who ran a travelling flea-circus in Connecticut, boasted tediously of the iron in his blood, from which his little performers derived surpassing strength and skill, enabling them (he roared) to beat the pants off all the fleas in the world.

He was, as a matter of fact, quite wrong. He had never met the mighty fleas of Aragon.

Pants

A GENIAL Turk assured us a little time ago that the most painful shock in Turkish history, next to the battle of Lepanto, was the compulsory unveiling of women by the dictator Kemal. Some of the Moonfaced Ones have to be seen, he said, to be believed.

That recent lifting of the ban on trousered women in the Commons gallery seems to us a curious parallel, in a small way. Even attractive women look frightful in trousers, as everyone is aware. The disturbing fact that trousers have a fatal fascination for homely sweethearts with (as the French say) plenty of folks on the balcony, fore and aft, has not yet been explained by the psychological boys. Why the Race is ready to endure such a spectacle indefinitely is, however, no mystery. The deplorable curves of huge trousered women supply just that extra twist of agony natural masochists need amid the increasing delights of the New Utopia.

Footnote

KEEP your eye meanwhile on the tenors; especially political and BBC tenors. Playfully pinching passing hours on the spur of the moment is a notorious tenor addiction—you possibly remember how the great Caruso once got into trouble for this in Central Park, New York?—and the Government has now, so to speak, officially sanctioned a major temptation. Is one verging on the indecent? Oh, dear.

"... and another thing about this country—every time you press button 'B' you get a couple of cowrie shells"



ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"A Kind of Screen"

"THE GIPSY'S BABY" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by Rosamond Lehmann. It contains some of the loveliest of her work; and, though the writing never descends from one kind of impersonality, the beautiful impersonality of art, it is also perhaps the most personal book she has given us. Here is a writer with whom memory has the quality of vision; and here are stories about childhood; about, one should rather say, two childhoods—one, set back in time, being (one can but imagine) the author's own; the other, surely, that of her own children. I must make clear that these *are* stories; not fragments of autobiography: there is nothing fragmentary about them. At the same time, they have not the arbitrary form and occasional trick devices that one may come to associate with the short-storyist's sometimes over-self-conscious art. As stories, they are "straight"—and they gain, all the more, from this the intensity of poetry. More, they contain that strength that has shown increase in each of Miss Lehmann's novels and was at full-tide in her latest, *The Ballad and the Source*.

The first two stories in *The Gipsy's Baby*, the "Rebecca" stories, are told in the first person; the remaining three—let us call them the Margaret Ritchie stories—are told in the third. No identification of Mrs. Ritchie, mother of two children, living in the country in the years of this last war, with the little pre-1914 girl Rebecca Ellison is invited; but inevitably, and I think artistically rightly, one does take it that Margaret is Rebecca grown up.

Those interested in writing, the phenomenon of writing, apart from the ultimate interest of what *is* written, will be fascinated by the opening pages of the second story, "The Red-Haired Miss Daintreys." Here Miss Lehmann speaks of leisure, how people use it, how it uses them—and how leisure uses her:

When asked how I spend it [leisure], I feel at once dubious and embarrassed: for any answer implying some degree of activity would be misleading. Perhaps an approximation to the truth might be reached by stating that leisure employs me—weak, aimless, unsystematic, unresisting instrument—as a kind of screen upon which are projected the images of persons—known well, a little, not at all, seen once, or long ago, or every day; or as a kind of preserving jar in which float fragments of people and landscapes, snatches of sound.

People and Landscapes

THE above, coming from Rosamond Lehmann, might at the first glance seem wrongly over-modest: actually, it is a perfect analysis of that *passiveness* that is the soil, or origin, of so much of the best creative writing, certainly of her own. Activity—and that at the highest pressure—does and must later enter into writing; certainly it is not by mere easy magic that Miss Lehmann gives substantiality and permanence, for us, to those images cast on her "kind of screen."

She goes on to say:

I am surprised when authors have perfectly clear plans about the novels they are going to write; and I find it dismaying, for more reasons than one, to have the projected contents related to me, at length and in rational sequence. I would be more encouraged by such an answer, given in a rather hostile and depressed way, as: It is about some people; and if the author could bear to pursue the subject and mention any of the images and symbols haunting his mind—if he spoke of a fin turning over in a waste of waters, of the echo in the caves, of an empty room, shuttered under dust sheets, of an April fall of snow, of music from the fair at night, of the burnt-out shell of a country house, that woman seen

a moment from the bus-top, brushing her hair before the glass—I should feel that something was afoot. Writers should stay more patiently at the centre and suffer themselves to be worked upon. . . .

Such an observation, so gently made and from the least didactic of our novelists, should be pondered.

The first two of these five stories (in fact, the "Rebecca" couple), "The Gipsy's Baby" itself and "The Red-Haired Miss Daintreys," are memories—human situations apprehended by a child, who cannot yet back up what she senses and sees by any acquired knowledge of the world. Perhaps, to attempt to rationalise one's impressions is always to falsify them a little. Rebecca's impressions—of the unfortunate Wyatts, sprawling and spawning in the back-lane hovel outside her father's garden wall; and of the wealthy, contented, but somehow innocently wistful Daintreys met, *en famille*, at a holiday hotel—are left in their pristine sharpness, untouched. Only, Miss Lehmann makes us perceive—as she has, since the days of childhood, perceived herself—the dramas, the injustices, the desires, the conflicts that were present. Feeling for social justice, a weakening of the erstwhile complacent attitude on the part of "the rich man in his castle" towards "the poor man at his gate," is not consciously active in nine-year-old Rebecca; in whom the derelict Wyatts, deformed (with the exception of the lovely daemonic Chrissie) by dull acquiescence to their lot, inspire pity and horror. Nor had Rebecca reason to diagnose the unsatisfactoriness of life for the Miss Daintreys, quartette of ageing unmarried "girls," with their automatic cheerfulness.

Yet in both stories there are almost terrifying moments of revelation—when Mr. Wyatt stumbles into the study after his wife's death; and in the unspoken triumph of Mildred Daintrey's wedding.

The landscapes—inseparable, in these two webs of memory, from the figures—are exquisite: both the Thames Valley and the Isle of Wight are rendered with that uncloying sensuousness Miss Lehmann commands. The curl of a fern frond, the smell of autumn, August light on trees seen across water. . . .

Children Now

OF the remaining stories, the "Margaret Ritchie" stories, the last, "Wonderful Holidays," is the longest and most complete; though "A Dream of Winter," with its mixture of semi-fever, frost and honeycombs, shares the magic. The change from the "I" to the "she," from the "then" to the "now" brings another element into these later stories. John and Jane Ritchie are not less intimately drawn than were Rebecca and her sisters, but they are drawn in a different way—from the outside, though the wall intervening is of the clearest glass. Never have modern children, with their nonchancies, been more adorably rendered than are these two. And the wartime countryside, with its Salute the Soldier theatricals and out-going bombers drumming through the night sky, is brimful of comedy and apprehensiveness, *contretemps* and brooding poetry.

Middle-West Marriage

"CASS TIMBERLANE" (Cape; 9s. 6d.) is the new Sinclair Lewis—packed with incident, taut with character-interest, and readable as a novel can hope to be. There is nothing about the turning out of a novel—the large-scale kind, based on some fundamental question—that Sinclair Lewis, by this time, does not know. The problems that face his people, the predicaments of heart or conscience in which they find themselves, are common to men and women in

(Concluded on page 92)



"Salome"

This German sixteenth-century boxwood statuette is among the exhibits on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The exhibition illustrates the development of style in sculpture over the past thousand years, and is open until May 31st

ESOP'S FEEBLES

The Bee and the Income-Tax Demands

A Bee who was extremely lax
About demands for Income-Tax,
Using them, chewed up very fine,
Chiefly as wherewithal to line
The thinner portions of his hive,
Remained in consequence alive
And even relatively well
After that record icy spell
In '39, whilst all his pals
Attended their own funerals.
So high was the mortality,
In fact, amongst the genus bee
That Income-Tax to any sum
Was waived by moratorium.
And, now the wealthiest of bees,
Our hero lives in unchecked ease.

Immoral

A harsh Demand is not enough—
The paper, also, should be tough.

J. R.



Lloyd — Robson Brown
Mr. David Aubrey Lloyd, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Aubrey Lloyd, of Dalegarth, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, married Miss Jean Margaret Robson Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Robson Brown, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge.



Warren — Wallace

Lt. Philip Gordon Warren, R.N., son of Col. and Mrs. P. J. K. Warren, of Chislehurst, Kent, married Miss Naomi Wallace, daughter of the late Mr. D. F. A. Wallace, of Shanghai, and of Mrs. C. H. Lancashire, of Amberley, Sussex, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Lotinga — Moss

Major George Mitchell Lotinga, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lotinga, of Moor Park, Middlesex, married Miss Audrey Lucie Ruth Moss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Moss, of Hydeside, Godalming, Surrey, at the West London Synagogue

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lloyd — Chetwynd-Stapylton

Major D. L. Lloyd, the Fifth Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lloyd, married Miss Rosemary Chetwynd-Stapylton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd-Stapylton, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Ripley — Bruce-Jones

Major Hugh Ripley, K.S.L.I., son of Sir Henry and Lady Ripley, of Bedstone, Bucknell, Shropshire, married Miss Dorothy Mary D. Bruce-Jones, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bruce-Jones, of Glenbevie, Larbert, Stirlingshire, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Edwards-Heathcote — Ransom

Capt. E. J. Edwards-Heathcote, 15/19th the King's Royal Hussars, son of the late Mr. J. Edwards-Heathcote and of Mrs. Edwards-Heathcote, of Ashford Hall, Ludlow, married Miss Araby Diana Ransom, twin daughter of Capt. and Mrs. P. Ransom, of Winwick Warren, near Rugby

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A Pringle blouse of deliberate elegance in soft moss crepe. Round, flattering yoke composed of tier upon tier of tucks. Half-way sleeves. Buttoned through at back. Delicate pastels—sky, turquoise, sandy beige, spring green and white. Sizes 14, 16, 18. £4.15.9 and 4 coupons. Post order delivery fee 1/-. Women's Shop, 4th Floor.

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Jean Lorimer's Page

GOOD DAYS AHEAD



For the summer holiday by the sea for which we have waited six years, Martin-White have produced these new swim-suits, each one as essentially practical for real deep-sea swimming as for sun-bathing on the beach afterwards. The suit photographed above is made of Horrockses' specially designed "Jungle Print" cotton in tan, white, green and navy. Drawstring front and shoulder-straps are adjustable and the back of the trunks is telescopic, giving just the right amount of support and freedom of movement. Nearly all the big stores throughout the country will be stocking supplies of these during the coming months. Simpson's (Piccadilly) have been showing them in their Spring Song Fashion Parades.

Another Martin-White—an all-over telescopic suit in royal blue, rust, and black-and-white checked taffeta



Satin-lastex is not yet for the home market, but promised in the near future. The suit is made in a flattering red-and-white print with a half-skirt

Courtaulds

RAYON

for loveliness
that lasts

IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayon are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



Regd.



Spring Charm . . .

So eloquently expressed in Navy Suiting with that dazzling whiteness of good pique in the front. Masterfully detailed jacket with the new V line at back, jetted pockets and carefully placed buttons, set off by a pencil-slim skirt. A "Simon Massey" model.

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Personal Selection only.

Selfridges

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(Left)

Distinctive suit for Spring in light-weight wool, with interesting detail on the cardigan-style jacket. Skirt has two inverted pleats at front and one at back. In basic Spring colours—purple, red, petrol blue. 36-42 hips. 12 coupons. £14.0.0

(Right)

Contrast stitching gives character to the jacket of this tailored Spring suit in light-weight wool. The action-free skirt sports two box pleats at front, one inverted pleat at back. Ice blue, cherry, tan. 36-42 hips. 12 coupons. £14.0.0

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD. (Suits—First Floor) LONDON SW1

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just been reading the *Diary of a Young Lady*, written between the years 1870-1880. It interested me all the way through, but especially was I struck by the social scene. Friendship, for example, seemed so much easier to cultivate and to cement in those far-off days. The world was more small-scale and steadfast then. People knew where they were and where they were going next.

It is difficult to attain the true communion of the spirit when social customs, to say nothing of morals, are in such a state of flux that even marriage—in the Best Circles definitely heaven-born in 1870—can nowadays be brought down to earth by a Government "Quiz" demanding why there are not more babies. Moreover, seventy years ago people of all classes did at least meet on the level of a mutual Belief and Faith. Now they merely meet in a queue.

It was rather charming to read how, when friendly conversation fell to the depths of discussing Aunt Annie's second-best petticoat, someone would open the pianoforte and the company would sing hymns. Or glees, or part-songs, or duets, or Aunt Annie would play Mendelssohn on her harp. Nowadays, when there is a conversational lull, the only thing anybody can do is to turn on the wireless—the true symbol of a conversational yawn if ever there were one! Otherwise, conversation, although it may begin with items from the Higher Thought, quickly descends to the strange glut in the shops of gentlemen's dressing-gowns and the equally strange rarity of all chickens. Indeed, there seems to be little to do with visiting friends these days after you have fed them. In the days of the Diary,

the gentlemen were sent out to smoke their pipes in the stables, while the ladies brought out their sewing and somebody read extracts out of the Book of Deuteronomy or the poetry of Wordsworth to an enthralled audience. And there was no hypocrisy in this. Religion and poetry were the main threads in the spiritual pattern of their lives and they united all classes. Nowadays it would almost seem that a party has to be dosed with cocktails in order to keep it together. In 1870, failing all else, Cousin Maggie would sing and gradually all would veer towards the pianoforte and join together in "Hail Smiling Morn" or "Rock of Ages." Entertaining can have been no trouble at all. For, say what you will, a room full of aspiring amateurs is a far happier assembly than One Expert and an Audience.

The world, too, was undoubtedly lovelier then. And one had time to stop and admire it in the quiet atmosphere essential to beauty. Nowadays, almost every lovely vista has its crowded car park. Yes, this, undoubtedly, is a *vulgar* age. And in an age of vulgarity the simpler pleasures are trampled under foot. Years ago Friendship was cemented by the quiet excursion of two people into the land of the Spirit. It is almost impossible to reach that beatitude of affection today. A mutual Faith can sustain communion without argument. Nowadays we are left with little else but things to argue about. Sometimes, I wish that we could return to social life where we all sang "Rock of Ages" together—and liked it. To hum "Kiss me once, kiss me twice, kiss me once again" doesn't really get us any nearer to each other in spite of its osculatory invitation.

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ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing **BOOK**

(Continued from page 87)

every country—at the same time, his own prime concern is with America: he not only photographs American urbanism in an unsparing, hard light charts (this being more dangerous and ambitious), the complicated American social scene

In *Cass Timberlane*, the city of Grand Republic more than scene or background; it is a definite character, playing no little part in the plot. Among citizens our forty-one years old hero, Cass, occupies a respected position: he is a judge. His brief marriage to a beautiful, heartless wife has, some years ago, ended in a divorce: Cass has resumed a sedate, rather lonely bachelor life, in the "old" Timberlane family home. Such, and so placed, is the Judge Timberlane on whom our story opens. He falls in love at first sight with Jinny Marshland, who has made a brief appearance in court, as witness in a somewhat tedious case. After a courtship—of which the very rumours scandize upper-class Grand Republic—Cass and Jinny marry. *Cass Timberlane* is the story of the marriage.

JINNY, "a half-tamed hawk of a girl," is twenty-four. Up to now self-supporting, not a Grand Republic native, a touch bohemian. She is not—at least at the start—worldly. None the less, their passion for another is mutual; and their early married life, the dark old Timberlane house, is an idyll. Local opinion accepts the *fait accompli* and proves unexpectedly kind—in fact, it is the well-meant intrusions of the outside world that bring about the first rift in the lute.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis has got a few rather irritating tricks of style—he has what I should call a way of nudging the reader, and indulges from time to time in an over-smartness of phrase. His attempts to depict the higher or more delicate emotions are not, I think, successful: as against this, he excels in account of social contretemps and day-to-day routine. His Cass is a loyal Middle-Westerner is, I find, more interesting than his Cass as an often perplexed husband.



one of the lovely
hair-styles which owe

so much of their

beauty to Eugène

eUGÈNE

A black and white advertisement featuring a woman's face in profile, looking down at a rose. A rectangular box labeled "Number 7 BEAUTY PREPARATIONS" is overlaid on the image. Below the box, the text reads "THE MODERN WAY TO LOVELINESS". A decorative flourish with the "Boots Chemists" logo is at the bottom.

THE MODERN WAY
TO LOVELINESS

Those who appreciated the exquisiteness of the
NUMBER SEVEN beauty series in the pre-war days of
plenty will be glad to learn that limited supplies are
again to be found in the branches of Boots the Chemists

Boots Chemists

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD

A black and white advertisement for "Country Life". The top half features the brand name in a stylized script font above a circular emblem. The bottom half contains large, bold text advertising "COATS, SUITS ENSEMBLES IN AUTHENTIC TWEEDS". At the very bottom, it states "COUNTRY LIFE IS A REGISTERED NAME".

"Country Life"

COATS, SUITS
ENSEMBLES
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"COUNTRY LIFE" IS A REGISTERED NAME



Pride in the possession of
lovely things... pride in their
quality... pride in yourself
... in 'Celanese'
TRADE MARK

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Rudders Barred

ONCE again they are trying to get rid of the rudder bar. It is considered that the flyers of the future will be impatient with the rudder bar and will want a system of controls which concentrates all the essential flying control movements in something that can be worked by hand—a wheel on top of a stick, for example.

There is much to be said for wheel control. It gives an unobstructed floor—especially where the wheel is mounted on a horizontal arm working through the dash to provide the fore and aft control. The look of the cockpit is improved by the removal of the rudder pedals. But whether the elimination of the rudder pedals or rudder bar will make flying much easier I do not know. I personally, speaking for the antediluvian airmen, would feel lost without a rudder bar worked by foot. And I doubt if the motor-car analogy is a good one.

Motor cars are not, I think, so easy to drive as ordinary light aeroplanes are to fly. The real difference is that the consequences of mistakes are less serious. If the people who get tied up in knots with their motor cars were to suffer equivalent confusion in aeroplanes, the consequences would be much worse than a red face. But one is less likely to get tied up in knots with the ordinary flying controls of an aeroplane.

Experiencia Doesn't Always

EVEN very experienced motor-car drivers can get involved in the strangest handling predicaments. A friend who has been driving almost since motor cars began, who has driven every conceivable type of car and who is a genuine motoring expert, told me the other day of a humiliating experience. He was taking a young friend's very small, very old motor car to a garage and was involved in a traffic jam on a corner. A policeman directed him to reverse a few yards; but my friend could not find reverse gear. He tried each position, the car leaping forward more sharply at every attempt. He sought to draw on his vast experience of motoring while the policeman urged him to be

quick. He was fighting with the gear lever in growing desperation, when a pedestrian leaned into the window and casually presented him with the magic formula: "Lift the lever." He was well aware of this device in this model; but at that moment the memory was not working.

A New Rolls-Royce

WHILE I am on the subject of motor cars I must mention the new Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith. I believe that deliveries of this car may begin on a small scale about July. The car looks good, the radiator being brought markedly forward, presumably not only for the sake of appearance and of utilizing the full chassis length, but also because of the independent front-wheel mounting now adopted for this model. This car is not an enormous price for these days. Whether, when the new big Rolls-Royce is announced, there will remain anybody in Britain rich enough to buy it remains to be seen. But if there is nobody in this country able to buy it, there will be plenty of people abroad.

There is always a market for the thing that is made with high quality as the sole objective, and without regard for what the cost will be. But it is sad that the home market for the fine things that British craftsmen can still make is being abolished by redistributive taxation. There is no shallower reasoning than that which is directed against "luxury" goods. The making of luxury goods employs large numbers of people and those people are of a high grade of intelligence. That is true not only of motor cars and aeroplanes, but also of such things as jewellery and clothes. The superficiality of the austerity view is dreadful. It casts doubt upon the ability and even the sanity of those who put it forward. They seem to have a belief that shoddy things give more employment in the making than good things.



Mr. E. W. Hives, who is Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, is thanking the skipper of the York aircraft, Captain Gregory, on his return to Hurn airport from visiting Malta, Egypt, and Australia. The reason for his trip was to gain first-hand experience of the use of aero Rolls-Royce engines in civil aircraft

Let Secrecy Go On

THE Air Ministry is bent upon holding on to as much secrecy as it can. There is no excuse for withholding from the public the facts that are given in the Royal Air Force list. In peace-time the list has always been available to the public. It may be argued that the paper shortage is such that the list could not yet be made available in sufficient quantities. But there can be no argument against the list being made available for inspection to the Press. But the Services remain security-minded and the politicians seem to think that they are right. Which means, in blunt language, that the politicians expect another war very soon. If the politicians did not expect another war very soon there could be no reason at all for withholding the facts that are given in the R.A.F. list.

Estimates Integration

I NOTICE that even those who are most firmly opposed to the amalgamation of the three Services, agree that the estimates for the three Services should be taken at once so that the whole picture of our defences can be seen. But surely if there is a case for a single set of estimates—or for taking the estimates together in Parliament—there is also a case for the amalgamation of the three Services.

Atomic power and radar are both common to all three Services and there are signs that many other new developments are in much the same position. In short, the division of the fighting forces according to the elements in which they chiefly move has become partly meaningless. All three Services move in all three elements and all three use many of the same weapons and much of the same equipment. I still feel that the single fighting Service—the King's Service as Lord Gorell once suggested—will eventually come

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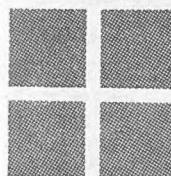


the wily merchant not only to watch his bargaining but to keep an eye on the tavern keeper to see that he was not charged too much — to mind his P's and Q's.

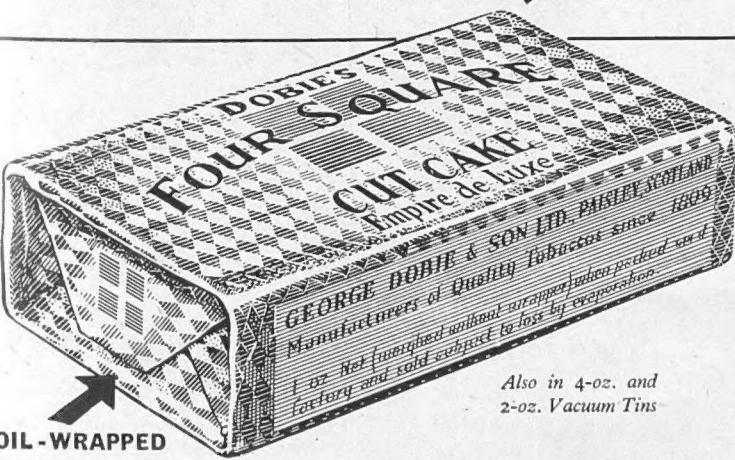
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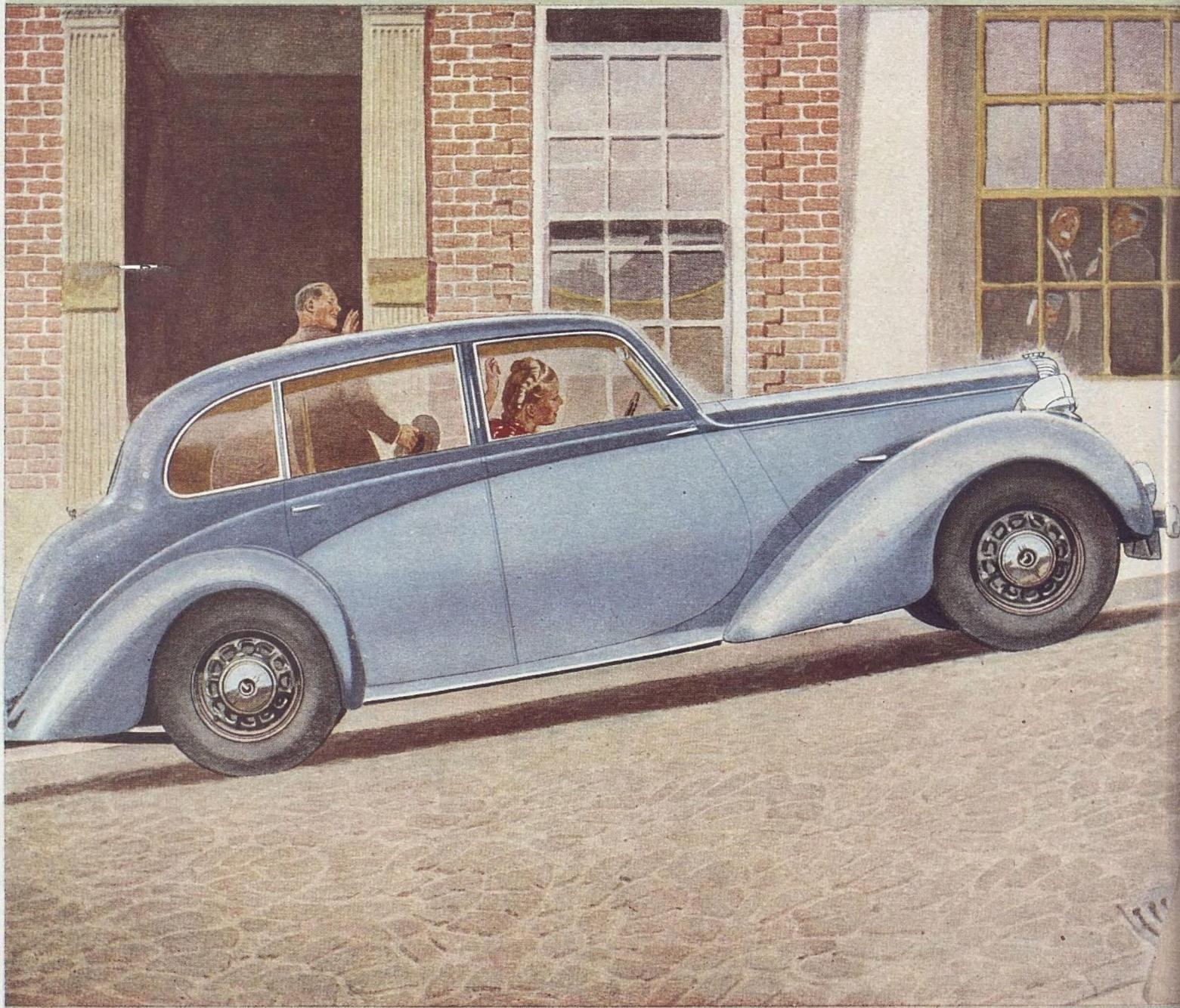
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